"AH! MOON OF MY DELIGHT"

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger.

A Gay and Sparkling Tale of Young Love A-Honeymooning.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

AZEL and I are here on our honeymoon. It is great! Of course, I realize more and more that marriage entails many socifices on the part of the man, but it is worth them just to have always at your side a congenial spirit who takes your viewpoint about everything.

action. Jack had warned me that it is just as well, in the very beginning, to take a stand about little things. It was, I saw, a time for me to be firm, though kind. So I just said, as casually as I could:

"Would you like the window up or down, and shall I get you the candy box from the rack?"

She said: "I do not feel like candy, thank you."

This made me feel beastly uncomfortable, because Hazel always cares



Meanwhile, where was my darling Hazel? I am going to let her tell it as she afterward told it to me! * * * * CHE said that after I left her to

go into the smoker she cried. She said it was not so much that I had gone as that I had wanted to go (Hazel always gets things down to a fine point.) Besides, she had beer hurt at my lack of affection. She said it is perfectly proper for a hus band to kiss his wife anywhere, and that she had expected it of me. (Poor

little kid!)
She tried to be philosophical, and to dwell on the thought that, though love was woman's whole existence it was of man's life a thing apart but this only made her cry more. She sald she felt for just a minute a: if every illusion she had was shat tered! (I felt an awful rotter wher

weeks ago. He has been detained, but will follow shortly; meanwhile, i shall occupy them till he comes."
And then that darling kid went and signed her name in the register, "Mrs. Henry Montrose, New York tity."

SHE said the rooms were huge and luxurlous, and she simply couldn't bear spending hours in them all alone; so as it was still early she went down to the palm room—and who the dickens should she run into but Stella Richards and Ted Morrison (who had been married two days before us and were doing Washington).

Hazel said, "Why, Hazel, you darling, are you and Henry here, too? We read all about your weedling in the paper this morning, and I think the bridesmaids," dresses were their see the commander and get leave see the commander and get leave. Hazel said she turned perfectly cold. Stella said, "Why, Hazel, you darling, are you and Henry here, too? We read all about your wedding in the paper this morning, and I think the bridesmaids' dresses were just sweet!"

Long-sustance is no joke:—becaus-lecture in the left I must talk to a human being and the taxi driver, of course, die not quality. He was awfully worried by this time, and said if I didn't sensor work in the satisfactory news by 8 p.m. he's see the commander and get leaving the top of the satisfactory is said to the said for twenty-four hours and come of the said that the said is no joke:—becaus-lecture is no joke:—bec

HICKORY DICKORY

the easy road—"
The look in his eyes finished the time is nothing more than such a con-

act. Helen gazed across the shadows, hen she took his hand and raised it to her lips.
"Go away now, Bob," she said.

"Tree tried," she whispered.

"Tried more than any mortal mar deserves," he said huskily. "I'm not underrating him, Helen. But he': "Just what do you mean by that" "ghe asked, trying to make her ton defiant.

"Where would it get us if I explained?"

She gazed upon him, wide-eyed. Ir her new sight he was no longer the commonplace New York busines man, heavy with prosperous living. His broad face was rugged like mountain, his small eyes pitful and kind.

"Take one of the easy roads," the tender smile was saying.

"There's no such road for me. I suppose it's because I loved him too well. He's still there—somewhere behind the dark cloud. Sometimes the light, well help of the pitful and sort would it be to quit now?"

"Still," he insisted, "If you'd taken the easy road."

The look in his eyes finished the season of the look in his eyes finished the se

melodrama. Spurling held his ground, a tolerant smile on his lips, "Wake up, Fred." he laughed. "You've been dreaming. A dish has

the tall timeplece, which had ceased to tick some thirty years ago.

"You'll feel differently about this secret code to Helen's distracted mind.

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for the man innocently involved in this terrific situation.

"Bob," she heard herself saying.
"you must get away somehow.
"Capt. Leffley." he said, "allow me

(CONTINUED)

"Sob," she heard herself saying,
"you must get away somehow—
"Be sensible," he replied brusquely,
"You can't be left to this mess."

In the next lot Caesar barked
Gerself some some some herself saying,
"Capt. Leflley." he said, "allow me to congratulate you. You've certainly done us a distinguished service.
Scarletburg will indeed thank you.
There's one scamp won't be bothering

as in. There'll be some forms to fill as in. There'll be some forms to fill in. I'll run over and ring up the wagen. Hello:"

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Fancy American Bird. THE fanciest - American birds is

the painted bunting. The De-

His arm swung round and the back of his hand struck her full across the face.

She recovered her senses to realize the two men had grappled and were wrestling furiously. Their writhing bodies, closely locked, seemed to be keeping time to the contortions of a modern dance. Neither spoke a word. A rosewood chair went down in their progress toward the old-fashioned couch. An arm shot out and struck a table which went spinning on its castors.

Then Helen screamed, giving way to her terror. The fight went silently on.

They were within six feet of the tall clock, when Spurling's shoulders heaved forward and Leffley, fell, face down, upon the carpet.

"You don't say so!" The official sorner of Scarletburg beetled his brows toward Spurling and asked. "You don't say so!" The official sorner of Scarletburg beetled his brows toward Spurling and asked. "How did it happen, Capt. Leffley?"

"We were upstairs," broke in Helen gain. "We heard a noise in the dingroom. Capt. Leffley—" she motioned toward Spurling—"came down and found a man had broken in, It was terrible the way they fought. I saw them struggling and the man knocked down a dish—he must have hit his head against a piece of it—"You don't say!" repeated Judge finch, paradise finch. Mexican canary and lown, upon the carpet.

"You don't say so!" The official hit happen, Capt. Leffley?"

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Fetty good and yall gream for good many likes of distance things with menting the season of the seas

"You've been dreaming. A dish has tallen and—"
"I rather fancy I have been dreaming—long enough. But I'm awake now, old chap."

He came into the light of the big door, his hair disheveied, the collar of his missit coat turned up. His face was distorted to the look of a fighting ape as he stood there.

"What's your answer to that," he howled, and his eyes lit upon Helen. "Give me knockout drops so that you and your—"

"Fred," said Spurling, putting his hand gentily on the madman's shoulder, "I just dropped in to say how do you do. Helen said you were asleep, so I thought I'd stick around until more favor, but he half ting—"

The hell in the left to this mess."

You can't be left to this mess."
In the next lot Caesar barked fiercely.

"They've heard the noise," she whispered. "Bob, I'm afraid. What can we do?"

"They've heard the noise," she whispered. "Bob, I'm afraid. What can we do?"

"Stay here and tell the truth." he muttered, and continued to stare at the corpse.

"But they won't understand. Nobody knows us here."

"That's a point in our favor," replied Spurling. "Helen, it's a plain case of accident. Just a sliver of broken plate—it's nobody's fault. We can't lose anything by sticking to forwen plate—it's nobody's fault. We can't lose anything by sticking to forwent lose anything

Spurling had opened his mouth, probably to identify himself, when she fairly threw herself between the two plish violet, the middle of the back